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LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of Great Teachers

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By Elbert Hubbard

THOMAS ARNOLD

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Little Journeys for 1908

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

WILL BE TO THE HOMES OF

GREAT TEACHERS

THE SUBJECTS ARE AS FOLLOWS

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CONFUCIUS	[illegible]
PYTHAGORAS	ERASMUS
PLATO	HYPATIA
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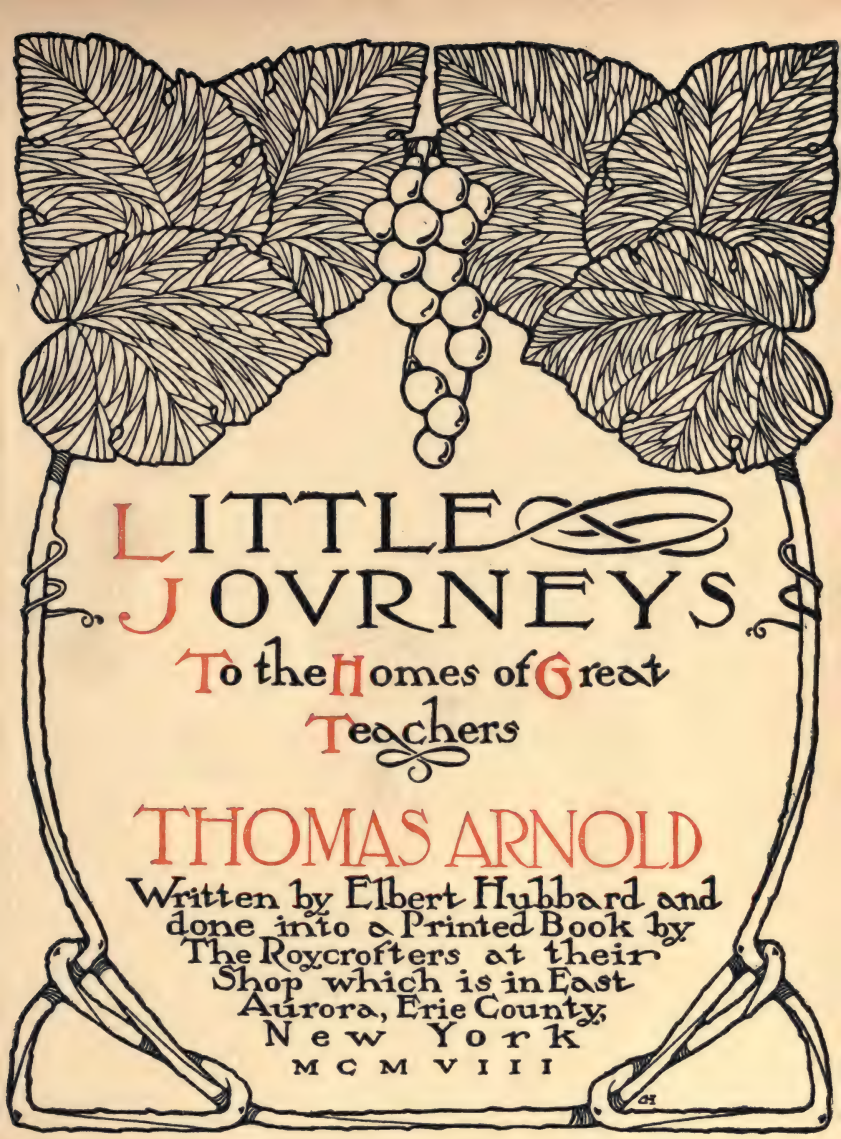

LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Homes of Great Teachers

THOMAS ARNOLD

Written by Elbert Hubbard and done into a Printed Book by The Roycrofters at their Shop which is in East Aurora, Erie County, New York

MCMVIII

LET me mind my own personal work; keep myself pure and zealous and believing; labouring to do God's will in this fruitful vineyard of young lives committed to my charge, as my allotted field, until my work be done. —Thomas Arnold

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LITTLE JOURNEYS

THOMAS ARNOLD was born in Seventeen Hundred and Ninety-five, and died in Eighteen Hundred and Forty-two. His life was short, as men count time, but he lived long enough to make for himself a name and a fame that are both lasting and luminous. Though he was neither a great writer nor a great preacher, yet there were times when he thought he was both. He was only a school teacher. However, he was an artist in school teaching—and art is not a thing—it is a way. It is the beautiful way—the effective way.

School teachers have no means of proving their prowess by conspicuous waste, and no time to convince the world of their excellence through conspicuous leisure, consequently for histrionic purposes, a school teacher's cosmos is a plain slaty grey. School teachers do not wallow in wealth nor feed fat at the public trough. No one ever accused them of belonging to the class known as the predatory rich, nor of being millionaire malefactors. They have to do their work every day at certain hours and dedicate its results to time.

For many years Thomas Arnold has been known as the father of his son. Several great men have been thus overshadowed. The father of Disraeli, for instance, was favored by fame and

fortune, until his gifted son moved into the lime-light, and after that Pater shown mostly in a reflected glory. Jacopo Bellini was the greatest painter in Venice, until his two sons, Gian and Gentile, surpassed him, and history writes him down as the father of the Bellinis. Lyman Beecher was regarded as America's greatest preacher until Henry Ward moved the mark up a few notches. The elder Pitt was looked upon as a genuine statesman, until his son graduated into the Cabinet, and then "the terrible cornet of horse" became known as the father of Pitt. Now that both are dust, and we are getting the proper perspective, we see that "the great commoner" was indeed a great man, and so they move down the corridors of time together, arm in arm, this father and son. That excellent person who carried the gripsacks of greatness so long that he thought the luggage was his own, Major James B. Pond, launched at least one good thing. It was this, "Matthew Arnold gave fifty lectures in America and nobody ever heard one of them; those in his audience who could no longer endure the silence, slipped quietly out."

Matthew Arnold was a critic and writer, who, having secured a tuppence worth of success through being the son of his father, and thus securing the speaker's eye, finally got an oratorical bee in his bonnet and went a-barnstorming. He cultivated reserve and indifference, both of which he was told were necessary factors in success in a public speaker.

And this is true. But they will not make an orator, any more than long hair, a peculiar necktie, and a queer hat will float a poet on the tide of time safely into the Hall of Fame.

Matthew Arnold cultivated repose, but instead of convincing the audience that he had power, he only made them think he was sleepy. Major Pond, having lived much with orators, and thinking the trick easy, tried oratory on his own account and succeeded as well as did Matthew Arnold. No one ever heard Major Pond, his voice fell over the footlights, dead, into the orchestra—only those with opera-glasses knew he was talking. ¶ But to be unintelligible is not a special recommendation. Men may be moderate for two reasons—thru excess of feeling and because they are actually dull.

Matthew Arnold has slipped back into his true position—that of a man of letters. The genius is a man of affairs. Humanity is the theme, not books. Books are usually written about the thoughts of men who wrote books. Books die and disintegrate, but humanity is an endless procession and the souls that go marching on are those who fought for freedom, not those who speculated on abstrusities.

The credential of Thomas Arnold to immortality is not that he was the father of Matthew and eight other little Arnolds, but it lies in the fact that he fought for a wider horizon in life and education. He lifted up his voice for liberty. He believed in the divinity of the child, not in its depravity. Arnold of Rugby was a teacher of teachers, as every great teacher is. The pedagogic world is now going back to his philosophy, just as in statesmanship we are reverting to Thomas Jefferson. These men who spoke classic truth—not transient—truth that fits in spite of fashion, time and place are the true prophets of mankind. Such was Thomas Arnold!

THOMAS ARNOLD

IF Thomas Arnold had been just a little bigger, the world probably would never have heard of him, for an interdict would have been placed upon his work. The miracle is that, as it was, the Church and State did not snuff him out.

He stood for sweet reasonableness, but unintentionally created much opposition. His life was a warfare. Yet he managed to make himself acceptable to a few, so for fourteen years this head master of a preparatory school for boys lived his life and did his work. He sent out his radiating gleams, and grew straight in the strength of his spirit and lived out his life in the light. ¶ His sudden death sanctified and sealed his work before he was subdued and ironed out by the conventions.

Happy Arnold! If he had lived, he might have met the fate of Arnold of Brescia, who was also a great teacher. Arnold of Brescia was a pupil of Abelard and was condemned by the Church as a disturber of the peace for speaking in eulogy of his master. Later he attacked the profligacy of the idle prelates, as did Luther, Savonarola and all the other great church-reformers. When ordered into exile and silence, he still protested his right to speak. He was strangled on order of the Pope, his body burned, and the ashes thrown into the Tiber. The Baptists, I believe, claim Arnold of Brescia, as the forerunner of their

sect, and certain it is that he was of the true Roger Williams type ✍ ✍

Thomas Arnold, too, was filled with a passion for righteousness. His zeal for the upright, manly life constituted his strength. Of course he would not have been executed, as was Arnold of Brescia—the times had changed: he would simply have been shelved, poohpoohed and deprived of his living and socially crapseyized. Death saved him—aged forty-seven—and his soul goes marching on!

THE parents of Thomas Arnold belonged to the great Middle Class, that Disraeli said never did any thinking on its own account, but deferred to and imitated the idle rich in matters of religion, education and politics to the best of its ability.

Dr. Johnson maintained that if members of the Middle Class worked hard and economized, it was in the hope that they might leave money and name for their children and make them exempt from all useful effort.

"To indict a class," said Burke, "is neither reasonable nor right." But certain it is that a vast number of fairly intelli-

gent people in England and elsewhere regard the life of the "aristocracy" as very desirable and beautiful.

To this end they want their boys to become clergymen, lawyers, doctors or army officers.

"Only two avenues of honor are open to aspiring youth in England," said Gladstone, "the army and the church."

The father of Thomas Arnold was Collector of Customs at Cowes, Isle of Wight. Holding this petty office under the Government, with half a dozen men at his command, we can easily guess his calibre, habits, belief and mode of life. He was respectable, and to be respectable, a Collector of Customs must be punctilious in Church matters in order to be acceptable to Church people, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

The parents of Thomas Arnold very naturally centered their ambitions for him on the Church, as he was not very strong.

¶ When the child was only six years old, the father died from "spasm of the heart." At this time the boy had begun to take Latin, and his education was being looked after by a worthy governess, who daily drilled his mental processes and took him walking, leading him by the hand. On Sundays he wore a wide, white collar, shiny boots and a stiff hat. The governess cautioned him not to soil his collar, nor get mud on his boots.

¶ In later years he told how he looked covetously at the boys who wore neither hats nor boots, and who did not have a governess ✍ ✍

His mother had a fair income, and so this prim, precise, exact and crystallized mode of education was continued. Out of her great love for her child, the mother sent him away from

home when he was eight years old. Of course there were tears on both sides; but now a male man must educate him, and women dropped out of the equation—this that the evil in the child should be curbed, his spirit chastened, and his mind disciplined. ¶ The fact that a child rather liked to be fondled by his mother, or that his mother cared to fondle him, were proofs of total depravity on the part of both.

The Rev. Dr. Griffiths, who took charge of the boy for two years, was certainly not cruel, but at the same time he was not exactly human. In nature we never hear of a she-lion sending her cubs away to be looked after by a denatured lion. It is really doubtful whether you could ever raise a lion to lionhood by this method. Some goat would come along and butt the life out of him, even after he had evolved whiskers and a mane.

After two years with Dr. Griffiths, young Arnold was sent to Manchester, where he remained in a boy's boarding-house from his tenth to his fourteenth year. To the teachers here—all men—he often paid tribute, but uttered a few heretical doubts as to whether discipline as a substitute for mother-love was not an error of pious but overzealous educators ❧

At sixteen years of age he was transferred to Corpus Christi College at Oxford. In Eighteen Hundred and Fifteen, being then twenty years of age, he was elected a Fellow of Oriel College, and there he resided until he was twenty-four.

He was a prizeman in Latin, Greek and English, and was considered a star scholar—both by himself and others. Ten years afterwards he took a backward glance, and said, "At

twenty-two I was proud, precise, stiff, formal, uncomfortable, unhappy, and unintentionally made everybody else unhappy with whom I came in contact. The only people I really mixed with were those whose lives were dedicated to the ablative."
¶ When twenty-four he was made a deacon, and used to read prayers at neighboring chapels, for which service he was paid five shillings. Being now thrown on his own resources, he did the thing a prizeman always does: he showed others how. As a tutor he was a success, and more scholars came to him than he could really take care of. But he did not like the work, since all the pupil desired and all the parents desired, was that he should help the backward one to get his marks, and glide thru the eye of a needle into a pedagogic paradise.
¶ At twenty-six he was preaching, teaching and writing learned essays about things he did not understand.

From this brief sketch it will be seen that the early education of Thomas Arnold was of the kind and type that any fond parent of the well-to-do Middle Class would most desire. He had been shielded from all temptations of the world; he could do no useful thing with his hands; his knowledge of economics—ways and means—was that of a child; of the living present he knew little, but of the dead past he assumed and believed he knew much.

It was a purely priestly, institutional education. It was the kind of education that every well-to-do Briton would like to have his sons receive. It was England's Ideal.

UGBY GRAMMAR SCHOOL was endowed in Sixteen Hundred and Fifty-three, by one Laurence Sherif, a worthy grocer. The original gift was comparatively small, but the investment being in London real estate, has increased in value until it yields now an income of about thirty-five thousand dollars a year. In the time of Arnold there were about three hundred pupils. It is not a large school now—there are high-schools in a hundred cities of America that surpass it in many ways.

Rugby's claim to special notice lies in its traditions—the great men who were once Rugby boys, and the great men who were Rugby teachers. Also, in the fact that Thomas Hughes wrote a famous story called, "Tom Brown at Rugby."

Rugby Grammar School was One Hundred and Twenty-five years old when Sir Joshua Reynolds commissioned Lord Cornwallis to go to America and fetch George Washington to England that Sir Joshua might paint his portrait.

For a hundred years prior to the time of Arnold, there had not been a perceptible change in the methods of teaching. The boys were herded together. They fought, quarreled, divided into cliques; the big boys bullied the little ones. Fagging was the law, so the upper forms enslaved the lower ones. There was no home life, and the studies were made irksome and

severe, purposely, as it was thought that pleasant things were sinful ❧ ❧

If any better plan could have been devised to make study absolutely repulsive, so the student would shun it as soon as out of school, we cannot guess it.

The system was probably born of inertia on part of the teachers. The pastor who pushes through his prescribed services, with mind on other things, and thus absolves his conscience for letting his congregation go drifting straight to Gehenna, was duplicated in the teacher. He did his duty —and nothing more.

Selfishness, heartlessness and brutality manipulated the birch, head was all, heart and hand nothing. This was school teaching. As a punishment for failure to memorize lessons there were various plans to disgrace and discourage the luckless one. Standing in the corner with face to the wall, and the dunce-cap, had given place to a system of fines, whereby "ten lines of Virgil for failure to attend prayers," and ten more for failure to get the first, often placed the boy in hopeless bankruptcy. If he was a fag, or slave of a higher form boy, cleaning the other's boots, scrubbing stairs, running on foolish and needless errands, getting cuffs and kicks by way of encouragement, he saw his fines piling up and no way to ever clear them off and gain freedom by promotion.

Viewed from our standpoint, the thing has a ludicrous bouffe air that makes us smile. But to the boy caught in the toils it was tragic. To work and evolve in an environment of such brutality, was impossible to certain temperaments. Success

lay in becoming calloused and indifferent. If the boy of gentle habits and slight physical force did not sink into mental nothingness, he was in danger of being bowled over by disease and death ⁂ ⁂

Indeed, the physical condition of the pupils was very bad—small-pox, fevers, consumption and breaking out with sores and boils, were common.

Thomas Arnold was thirty-three years old when he was called as head master to Rugby. He was married and babies were coming along with astonishing regularity. He had taken priestly orders, and was passing rich on one hundred pounds a year. Poverty and responsibility had given him ballast, and love for his own little brood had softened his heart and vitalized his soul.

As a writer and speaker he had made his presence felt at various college commencements and clergymen's meetings. He had challenged the brutal, indifferent, lazy and so-called disciplinary methods of teaching.

And so far as we know he is the first man in England to declare that the teacher should be the foster-parent of the child, and that all successful teaching must be born of love.

The well-upholstered conservatives twiddled their thumbs, coughed, and asked, "How about the doctrine of total depravity? Do you mean to say that the child should not be disciplined? What does Solomon say about the use of the rod? Does the Bible say that the child is good by nature?"

But Thomas Arnold could not explain all he knew. Moreover, he did not wish to fight the Church—he believed in the Church

—to him it was a divine institution. But there were methods and practices in the Church that he would have liked to forget. ¶ "My sympathies go out to inferiority," he said. The weakling often needed encouragement, not discipline. The bad boy must be won, not suppressed.

In one of these conferences of clergymen, Arnold said, "I once chided a pupil, a little, pale, stupid boy—undersized and seemingly half sick—for not being able to recite his very simple lesson. ¶ He looked up at me and said with a touch of spirit, 'Sir, why do you get angry with me? Do you not know I am doing the best I can?' "

One of the clergymen present asked Arnold how he punished the boy for this impudence.

And Arnold replied, "I did not punish him—he had properly punished me. I begged his pardon."

The idea of a teacher begging the pardon of a pupil was a brand-new thing.

Several clergymen present laughed—one scowled—two sneezed. But a bishop, shortly after this, urged the name of Thomas Arnold as master of Rugby, and added to his recommendation, this line: "If elected to the office he will change the methods of school teaching in every public school in England."

The ayes had it and Arnold was called to Rugby. The salary was so-so, the pupils in number between two and three hundred—many were home on sick-leave—the Sixth Form was in charge.

THE genius of Arnold was manifested as soon as he went to Rugby in the management of the boys who bullied the whole school, and did it legally.

Fagging was official.

The Sixth Form was composed of thirty boys who stood at the top, and these boys ran the school. They were boys who, by reason of their size, strength, aggressiveness and mental ability, got the markings that gave them this autocratic power. They were now immune from authority—they were free. In a year they would gravitate to the University.

We can hardly understand now how a bully could get markings through his bullying propensities, but a rudimentary survival of the idea may yet be seen in big football players, who are given good marks and very gentle mental massage in class. If the same scholars were small and skinny they would certainly be plucked.

The faculty found freedom in shifting responsibility for discipline to the Sixth Form.

Read the diary of Arnold, and you will be amazed on seeing how he fought against taking from the Sixth Form the right to bodily chastise any scholar in the school that the king of the Sixth Form declared deserved it.

If a teacher thought a pupil needed punishment, he turned the

luckless one over to the Sixth Form. Can we now conceive of a system where the duty of certain scholars was to whip other scholars! Not only to whip them, but to beat them into insensibility if they fought back.

Such was school teaching in the public schools of England in Eighteen Hundred and Thirty.

Against this brutality there was now a growing sentiment, of which Arnold was the spokesman—a piping voice bidding the tide to stay!

But now that Arnold was in charge of Rugby, he got the ill-will of his directors by declaring that he did not intend to curtail the powers of the Sixth Form—he proposed to civilize it.

To try out the new master, the Sixth Form, proud in their prowess, sent him word that if he interfered with them in any way, they would first "bust up the school," and then resign in a body. Moreover, they gave it out that if any pupil complained to the master concerning the Sixth Form, the one so complaining would be taken out by night and drowned in the classic Avon.

There were legends among the younger boys of strange disappearances, and these were attributed to the swift vengeance of "The Bloody Sixth."

Above the Sixth Form there was no law.

Every scholar took off his hat to a "Sixth." A Sixth uncovered to nobody, and touched his cap only to a teacher.

And so had custom become rooted that the Sixth Form was regarded as a sort of a police necessity—a caste which served the school just as the Army served the Church. To reach the

Sixth Form were paradise—it meant liberty and power—liberty to do as you pleased and power to punish all who questioned your authority.

To uproot the power of the Sixth Form was the intent of a few reformers in pedagogics.

There were two ways to deal with the boys of the Sixth—fight them, or educate them.

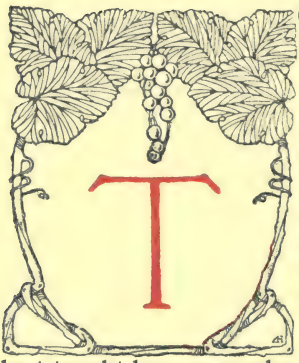
Arnold called the Rugby Sixth together, and assured them that he could not do without their help. He needed them—he wanted to make Rugby a model school—a school that would influence all England—would they help him?

The dogged faces before him showed signs of interest. He continued, without waiting for their reply, to set before them his ideal of an English Gentleman. He persuaded them—melted them by his glowing personality—shook hands with each, and sent them away.

The next day he again met them in the same intimate way, and one of the boys made bold to assure him that if he wanted anybody licked—pupils or teachers—they stood ready to do his bidding.

He thanked the boy, but assured him that he was of the opinion that it would not be necessary to do violence to any one—he was going to unfold to them another way—a new way, which was very old, but which England had never tried.

THOMAS ARNOLD



TO an applicant for a position as teacher, Arnold wrote: "What I want is a man who is a Christian and a gentleman, an active man, and one who has common-sense, and understands boys. I do not so much care about scholarship, as he will have immediately under him the lowest forms in the school, but yet, on second thought, I do care about it very much, because his pupils may be in the highest forms; and besides, I think that even the elements are best taught by a man who has a thorough knowledge of the matter. However, if one must give way, I prefer activity of mind and an interest in his work to high scholarship: for the one may be acquired far more easily than the other. I should wish it also to be understood that the new master may be called upon to take boarders in his house, it being my intention for the future to require this of all masters as I see occasion, that so in time the school barracks may die a natural death. With this to offer, I think I have a right to look rather high for the man whom I fix upon, and it is my great object to get here a society of intelligent, gentlemanly, and active men, who may permanently keep up the character of the school, and if I were to break my neck to-morrow, carry it on."

The great teacher is not the one who imparts the most facts—he is the one who inspires by supplying a nobler ideal.

Men are superior or inferior just in the ratio that they possess certain qualities. Truth, honor, frankness, health, system,

industry, kindliness, good cheer and a spirit of helpfulness are so far beyond any mental acquisition that comparisons are not only odious but absurd.

Arnold inspired qualities, and in this respect his work at Rugby forms a white mile-stone on the path of progress in pedagogy. ¶ Ideas are in the air, and great inventions are worked out in different parts of the world at the same time. Rousseau had written his "Emile," but we are not aware that Arnold ever read it. ¶ And if he had, he probably would have been shocked, not inspired by its almost brutal frankness. The French might read it—the English could not.

Pestalozzi was working out his ideas in Switzerland, and Froebel, an awkward farmer lad, in Germany, was dreaming dreams that were to come true. But Thomas Arnold caught up the threads of feeling in England and expressed them in the fabric of his life.

His plans were scientific, but his reasons, unlike those of Pestalozzi, will not always stand the test of close analysis. Arnold was true to the Church, but he found it convenient to forget much for which the Church stood. He went back to a source nearer the fountain head. All reforms in organized religion lie in returning to the primitive type. The religion of Jesus was very simple—that of a modern church dignitary is very complex. One can be understood; the other has to be explained and expounded, and usually several languages are required ❧ ❧

Arnold would have his boys evolve into Christian gentlemen. And his type of English gentlemen he did not get out of books

on theology, it was his own composite idea. But having once evolved it, he cast around to justify it by passages of scripture. This was beautiful, too, but from our standpoint it was n't necessary. From his it was.

A gentleman to him was a man who looked for the best in other people, and not for their faults; who overlooked slights; who forgot the good he had done; who was courteous, kind, cheerful, industrious and clean inside and out; who was slow to wrath, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. And the "Lord" to Arnold was embodied in the Church and State.

Arnold used to say that school teaching should not be based upon religion, but it should be religion. And to him religion and conduct were one.

That he reformed Rugby through the Sixth Form is a fact. He infused into the big boys the thought that they must help the little ones; that for a first offense a lad must never be punished; that he should have the matter fully explained to him and be shown that he should do right because it is right, and not for fear of punishment.

The Sixth Form was taught to unbend its dignity and enter into fellowship with its so-called inferiors. To this end Arnold set the example of playing cricket with the "scrubs." He never laughed at a poor player nor a poor scholar. He took dull pupils into his own house, and insisted that his helpers, the other teachers, should do the same. He showed the Sixth Form how much better it was to take the part of the weak, and stop bullying the lower forms, than to set the example of it in the highest. ¶ Before Arnold had been at Rugby a year,

the Sixth Form had resolved itself into a Reception Committee that greeted all newcomers, got them located, introduced them to other boys, showed them the sights and looked after their wants like big brothers or foster-fathers.

Christianity to Arnold was human service. In his zeal to serve, to benefit, to bless, to inspire, he never tired.

Such a disposition as this is contagious. In every big business or school, there is one man's mental attitude that animates the whole institution. Everybody partakes of it. When the leader gets melancholia, the shop has it—the whole place becomes tinted with ultramarine. The best helpers begin to get out, and the honeycombing process of dissolution is on.

¶ A school must have a soul just as surely as a shop, a bank, a hotel, a store, a home, or a church has to have. When an institution grows so great that it has no soul, simply a financial head, and a board of directors, dry rot sets in and disintegration in a loose wrapper is at the door.

This explains why the small colleges are the best—when they are—there is a personality about them, an animating spirit that is pervasive, and preservative.

Thomas Arnold was not a man of vast learning, nor could one truthfully say that he had a surplus of intellect, but he had soul plus. He never sought to save himself. He gave himself to the boys of Rugby. His heart went out to them, he believed in them—and he believed them even when they lied, and he knew they lied. At heart, he knew that humanity was sound—he believed in the divinity of mankind, and tried hard to forget the foolish theology that taught otherwise.

Like Thomas Jefferson who installed the honor system in the University of Virginia, he trusted young men. He made his appeal to that germ of goodness which is in every human soul. In some ways he anticipated Ben Lindsey in his love for the boy, and might have conjured forth from his teeming brain the Juvenile Court, and thus stopped the creation of criminals, had his life not been consumed in a struggle with stupidity and pedantry gone to seed that cried at him, "Oh, who ever heard of such a thing as that!"

The Kindergarten utilizes the propensity to play; and Arnold utilized the thirst for authority. Altruism is flavored with a desire for approbation.

The plan of self-government by means of utilizing the Sixth Form was quite on the order of our own "George Junior Republic." "A school," he said, "should be self-governing and cleanse itself from that which is harmful." And again he says, "If a pupil can gratify his natural desire for approbation by doing that which is right, proper and best, he will work to this end instead of being a hero by playing the rowdy. It is for the scholars to set the seal of their approval on character, and they will do so if we as teachers speak the word. If I find a room in a tumult, I blame myself, not the scholars. It is I who have failed, not they. Were I what I should be, every one of my pupils would reflect my worth. I key the situation—I set the pace, and if my soul is in disorder, the school will be in confusion."

Nothing is done without enthusiasm. It is heart that wins, not head, the round world over. And yet head must systematize

the promptings of the heart. Arnold had a way of putting soul into a hand-clasp. His pupils never forgot him. Wherever they went, no matter how long they lived, they proclaimed the praises of Arnold of Rugby. How much this earnest, enthusiastic, loving and sincere teacher has influenced civilization, no man can say. But this we know, that since his day there has come about a new science of teaching. The birch has gone with the dunce-cap. The particular cat-o'-nine-tails that was burned in the home of Thomas Arnold as a solemn ceremony, when the declaration was made, "Henceforth I know my children will do right!" has found its example in every home of Christendom. We no longer whip children. Schools are no longer places of dread, pain and suffering, and we as teachers are repeating with Friedrich Froebel the words of the Nazarene, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Also we say with Thomas Arnold, "The boy is father to the man. A race of gentlemen can only be produced by fostering in the boy the qualities that make for health, strength and a manly desire to bless, benefit and serve the race."

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO EAST AURORA

BY HELEN SAYR GRAY

PASSENGERS on the Pennsylvania Railroad do not go through East Aurora without knowing it. As the train draws into the village, they are greeted by a big sign by the wayside: "Sinners, this is East Aurora. Folks who don't know how to take The Philistine had better not—Ali Baba." Like Fitzgerald, who divides fame with Omar, and who used to attribute all his risky ideas to a mythical sailor by the name of Posh, whatever Mr. Hubbard sees fit to express in bucolic phraseology he attributes to Ali Baba, who for many years has been hired man.

It was on the occasion of the annual Philistine Convention that I last visited East Aurora. Several hundred of the Faithful had come on a pilgrimage to Mecca. I rejoiced to be among the number. We found ourselves in a pretty New York village with shady streets, white frame cottages and old fashioned flowers. The Roycroft influence is everywhere seen in newly painted houses and well kept yards. In the freshness of the early morning when a mist hangs over the wooded hills and fields, and in the evening when the air is perfumed by the foliage, the village is at its best. As you stroll through the streets at night, toads hop off the walk as you pass.

"The Philistine" and "Little Journeys" present a religion of health, happiness, success, courage, and good cheer, a religion of service instead of a religion of services; but notwithstanding, formal religion still thrives side by side with it in East Aurora. There are a dozen churches—some of them no bigger than a bandbox—in the place, though the population is only twenty-five hundred.

The Roycroft Inn is unique. There are out-of-door bedrooms on the porches, and the rooms are not numbered but are named after famous men and women. The best three are dedicated to Ruskin, William Morris and Emerson, patron saints of the Roycrofters. After seeing several of the rooms, if asked what colors they are decorated in, you cannot say. You recall only the harmonious effects. The dining-room is furnished with huge round polished oak tables and Ali Baba benches, which impressed me as being the height of perfection in bench-making. In the centre of each table was a tall vase of peonies. There are flowers and ferns everywhere—in the office, the salon, the library, and on the porches—big vases and bowls filled with poppies, buttercups, or daisies. Carved on the doors or on planks suspended by chains from the beams of the ceilings or printed on cards are mottoes:

Blessed is the man who has found his work.

Those who act their thought and think little of their act are the ones who score.

Why not leave it to Nemesis?

Never explain. Your friends don't need it and your enemies will not believe you, anyway.

Atlas could never have carried the world, had he fixed his thought on the size of it.

The man who does not enjoy his work will never enjoy anything. ¶ To lose one's self-respect is the greatest calamity ☙

On the door of the Chapel is this from Ruskin:—Life without industry is guilt. Industry without art is brutality.

Until a few persons recently undertook to show to the contrary, it had always been thought that a factory must be dirty and unsightly. What did it matter if it was? It was only a factory. No comforts or conveniences were supplied, except those that were absolutely necessary. Such a thing as making the premises attractive was not thought of, and if it had been, would have been regarded as foolishness—a sheer waste of money.

The Roycroft Shop is the antithesis of all this. It is light and well ventilated. No litter is allowed to accumulate. There are pictures on the walls, potted plants, vases of flowers, and pianos. The grounds are attractive, especially in spring when the fruit trees are in blossom and in midsummer when the golden glow, of which there are clusters at intervals all about the place, is in bloom.

The Roycroft institution is an illustration of the plan of getting an education and earning a living at the same time. It shows what can be accomplished by right living in a beautiful environment. "The education gained at the expense of nerves and digestion is of small avail. We learn in times of pleasurable animation, by doing, through expression, through music and the manifold influences of beauty and harmony. The intent of the Roycrofters is not to impart truth, but rather to create an atmosphere in which souls may grow."

A few of the best educators of to-day are now advocating that students should devote a part of each day to physical work. Elbert Hubbard is one of these. He does not approve of quitting work to get an education any more than he approves of quitting work to devote one's self to love or religion. Such an arrangement lacks balance and sooner or later proves the undoing of those who attempt it. The student whose education is wholly mental inevitably pays the penalty for his violation of natural laws. Athletics furnish physical exercise for a part of the student body, but reach comparatively few. The rest are spectators. Departments of play have been introduced recently in the women's colleges. This is commendable and necessary, but play is not a substitute for work. Physical work each day is as natural and necessary as food or sleep. Ruskin summed up the situation when he said, "It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy."

The Salon of the Inn is a stately, beautiful room designed by Mrs. Hubbard. The floor and paneled walls are of weathered oak, and all around the room is a frieze painted by Mr. Alexis

Fournier typifying the art and the civilization of nations ❧ In successive scenes are shown the temples of India with their strange carved idols, a shepherd boy playing with his pipes beside a crumbling ruin of Greece while he tends his flocks; Rome, Paris, London overhung with fog and smoke, and the radiant glory of Italy. Night hangs over the Sphinx and the pyramids of Egypt and over the tents and camels of a caravan encamped in the desert. In the picture of America is an Indian wigwam shut in by snow with a haze of purple and golden sunset showing through the bare branches of the trees. In the other part of the canvas is the Roycroft Chapel in spring, when the apple trees are in bloom. At night the light is very subdued, as the electric bulbs are concealed by the beams of the ceiling and light up the paintings instead of the room. There are no rugs, no bric-a-brac, and no curtains to detract from the beauty of the walls and floor, no furniture except leather cushioned window seats, a piano and some chairs. ¶ Shirt-waist suits are the favorite garb among men. Fra Elbertus sets the fashion by wearing a grey flannel shirt and khaki trousers. Overalls and suspenders are much in evidence. ¶ Elbert Hubbard is preaching more forcibly than any other writer of to-day the gospel, not of the Hereafter, but of the Here and Now, the folly of neglecting the present in regretting the past and anticipating the future, the gospel of health, the wholesome life of joy, of work. It used to be thought that work was a curse, but now it is realized that it is not work, but the lack of it, that is a curse. Not only does he preach this gospel, but he practices what he preaches.

In the morning of the Fourth of July Mr. Hubbard spoke on health. Some one has said bad habits are the only hell, an assertion no one except those of a theological bent will undertake to dispute. People acquire habits of living that inevitably prove their undoing; they violate every law of health and then expect a bottle of medicine will cure them. It is this superstition that the medical profession fosters and that he attacked, illustrating his talk with some reminiscences drawn from his

father's experience as a doctor. To enforce his views on right living, Fra Elbertus has a "Sick Benefit Fund" for his employees. This fund is obtained not by taxing those who are well to support the sick, but by fining the sick for their folly. At the end of the year the proceeds are divided among those who have kept well. ¶ During his talk he digressed to speak of the guests who come to the Inn and are hard to please. "They must sit at a health food table. They must sleep with their heads to the North. I don't know why they come here, unless it is that God is disciplining me."

He ended by calling on Dr. C. S. Carr of Columbus, to reply to the charges he had made against the medical profession. The meeting then adjourned to the spring a few blocks away. ¶ Many of the meetings were held out-of-doors there in an amphitheatre built on a bank in the shade of some big trees and facing a beautiful landscape.

Dr. Carr tried to show that there are times when medicine is necessary, by citing as illustration some of the cases he had been called to see. He concluded by telling of a case of rheumatism he was called to attend. "The patient was a hard-working old farmer, sixty years old. All his life he had lived on farm fare. Now he was laid up with what is called rheumatism and was in excruciating pain. I dosed him with Epsom salts. What would you have done in such a case?" he inquired, turning to Mr. Hubbard.

It was dinner-time. So we had to wait until the next day to hear what Mr. Hubbard would do. In the afternoon Mr. M. M. Mangasarian of Chicago, spoke on the religious needs of America. Mr. Mangasarian is a very graceful, polished speaker. His quiet method of delivery is in pleasing contrast to the bellowing that poses as oratory. Once upon a time he was a Presbyterian minister. Sixteen or seventeen years ago he left that faith and for a time was at the head of the Society for Ethical Culture in Chicago. Of late years he has been the lecturer of the Rationalist Society in Chicago, known as the Independent Religious Society.

In a speech packed full of thought-challenging ideas he made an eloquent plea for a free, progressive, reasonable religion—a religion of ideas. Owing to the prejudices in which we have been raised, it is customary to suspect persons who do not cherish the same religious dogmas as we do, or believe in any at all, of lacking moral ballast. "Our first and greatest need," said he, "is a free religion. We call ourselves free but we are slaves to an Asiatic religion. We need a progressive religion as well as a free one. With our religion of to-day, when a man would go in a certain direction pursuing his investigations, he comes to a sign barring the way, 'By order of Moses, no thoroughfare.'" ¶ The next morning Fra Elbertus announced that he had been called in consultation by Dr. Carr in a case of the farmer suffering from a diet of corned beef and cabbage. "I have asked Dr. J. H. Tilden of Denver to assist me," said he, "and a clinic will be held at the Spring at eleven o'clock, to which you are all invited. Dr. Tilden and I are going to vivisect some medical fallacies."

As the only doctors Fra Elbertus employs or recommends are moderation, sunshine, equanimity, good cheer, fresh air and work, there was a full attendance at the clinic to hear how he would treat the case. "The case before us," he began, "is that of a farmer sixty years old, orthodox, a Baptist, a deacon. Dr. Carr said the man had lived all of his life on farm fare. Do you know what that is? Well, I'll tell you. It's buckwheat pancakes, fried salt pork, corned beef and cabbage, and three cups of coffee at a meal. He has stuffed himself day after day with such food, and now his system is clogged, and there is no thrill of life along his keel. He would have had the rheumatiz years before if his out-of-door life had n't counteracted his diet. But Nemesis has overtaken him at last. Dr. Carr says the patient is suffering from auto-intoxication. Auto-intoxication, like automobiles, divides the community into two classes, the quick and the dead. Dr. Carr prescribed Epsom salts. What would I do with this old farmer? I'd let him go to the place in which he believes."

This was an unexpected turn. The audience laughed and cheered and stamped, and it was some time before things quieted down so that Dr. Tilden could proceed with the clinic.

¶ Dr. Tilden is editor of "The Stuffed Club" and is a medical heretic. He has broken away entirely from the tenets of the regular school of medicine and burnt the bridges behind him: he does not resort to medicine as a cure for sickness, but cures by correcting the patient's diet and other habits of living.

"If this farmer had studied the incompatibility of foods," said he, "he would n't have had rheumatism; but he ate anything and everything, filled up on doughnuts and corned beef and cabbage. There is a lot of abominable cooking that ought to be in Abraham's bosom, and cabbage cooked with meat belongs in that class. It is n't corned beef and cabbage alone that ails this man, but his diet in general, and not only that, but other habits as well. He has been accustomed to sleeping in an unventilated bedroom. Paradoxical as it may seem, fresh air is scarce in the country, at least in the bedrooms. If a man does n't breathe enough to oxygenate his food, he 'll have indigestion, even if he lives on angel's food."

Dr. Tilden seemed to think that giving the rheumatic farmer morphine or salts would be consigning him to the same fate Fra Elbertus had consigned him to. He would not give the patient any medicine, nor allow him any food, at least not for a while, but would give him a hot bath and rub his spine.

¶ The clinic was continued the following day. Mrs. Hubbard was called upon to tell what she would do. "I shall review the history of the case a little first," she said. "All his life this man was taught to look outside himself for salvation. When he went to Sunday School, he was taught that salvation depends on belief in certain dogmas; and he heard the same thing from the pulpit. When he was sick he was taught to look to doctors and medicine to cure him instead of reforming his manner of living. At school he was taught to look to books for wisdom. In short, he was not brought up on Emerson's 'Essay on Self-Reliance.'

"This type of man is so thoroughly filled with the traditions in which he has been raised that he would n't take any stock in advice about his diet. He is satisfied with the old way ✍ Innovations do not appeal to him. He is not hospitable to new ideas. So I would advise leaving him to the methods of cure familiar to the community in which he lives."

Then some of the Christian Scientists who were present were given a chance to tell how they would treat the case ✍ The clinic by this time having extended over three or four days, Marilla declared that, if the sick man was not attended to soon, she would get out a writ of habeas corpus.

There are no introductions at a Roycroft Convention, no stiffness, no receptions or other formalities. An atmosphere of friendliness and good will pervades the place, and you talk to whomever you wish.

At every turn you hear some one quoting poetry—his own or some one else's—or expounding his favorite ism—New Thought, Christian Science, Socialism, a raw food diet, vegetarianism, eating two meals a day, the no-breakfast plan, dress reform, sleeping out-of-doors, and the benefits to be derived from going barefoot.

After listening for several days to recitations from Walt Whitman, talks on art, debates on socialism, Wagner recitals, and lectures on religion, one program following another in quick succession, sometimes six or seven in one day, some of us had an attack of what one of the speakers termed cranial indigestion. So Fra Elbertus took the crowd for a tramp.

Cross-country tramps are always part of the program of a Roycroft Convention, and there were several interspersed between the talks and lectures. He often takes the party to the cabin where he writes most of the "Little Journeys," a shady spot with wild grapevines climbing to the tops of tall trees and making a screen on one side, and a tiny brook close by. As the cabin is about four miles from the Inn, he announces that an ambulance will follow to pick up the disabled. Then he leads the crowd over plowed ground, through a cornfield and a

swamp or two, across ravines, and under or over barbed wire and brush fences.

The woman who is not used to tramping is a nuisance on such an occasion. She gets under foot, waits to be assisted up banks and down and over fences, and to have branches held away from her millinery. She minces along and stops to pick her way. In going through a swamp she lingers so long in her footprints that she sinks into the mire.

Mrs. Hubbard gave a lecture on "Woman's Work," a very able plea for freedom of women to participate in whatever work they choose and can do well. She began by tracing the way sentiment became overdeveloped in women, and their work differentiated from men's. "At first woman was a form of property, man's slave. He compelled her to do what he did not want to do himself. She prepared the meals but was not allowed to eat with her lord and master. After he had finished eating, she could have what was left. Among animals fighting is resorted to only when necessary to defend themselves or their rights, but man made fighting a business. In time man's activity became so separated that 'man's work' and 'woman's work' became familiar expressions.

"Our religion, our politics are based on the thought that woman is inferior. Judea and Gentile Christendom were taught to believe that God made man in His own image and that woman was an afterthought, a postscript that lured man to a fatal fall. We get a superstitious reverence for a law and we cling to it. That is why we are still ruled by people who lived several thousand years ago and knew less than we do. The bogus sign, 'Thus saith the Lord,' attached to laws was taken for truth, and reason was held in abeyance.

"Because woman was regarded as inferior, she was not allowed to have a voice in the government or management of the church, notwithstanding that the devotion and superstition of women have made it live to this day and that they always constitute a large majority of the congregation; nor was she allowed to sing in the choir or sit in the church with

her head uncovered. As for her preaching, in the Eighteenth Century it was regarded as a freak performance. Dr. Samuel Johnson voiced public sentiment when he said a woman's preaching was like a dog walking on its hind legs. At best it could only be badly done, and it was a marvel that it could be done at all.

"Just why it was considered immodest for women to act in the theatres, I do not know; but before and in Shakespeare's time, women's parts were played by boys, though women act better than men. To-day men still speak women's lines and act for them.

"Women have just as much gray matter in proportion to their size as men have. To develop the brain it must be used. We must use all our faculties or lose them; what we do not use, Nature takes from us. If a woman's brain is exercised like a man's, it is equal to a man's. The world's work is for the human race to perform, and woman must participate in that work.

¶"It is argued that woman's work is to take care of her home and children, but what of the unmarried women who have no home or children, and the women of forty-five or fifty whose children are grown up? Shall they be forced to sit idle because of the prejudices and superstitions in which we have been reared? ❧ Should housework and the care of children absorb all of a mother's time?

"It is because women have too much leisure that they have taken so much interest in theological speculations. An idle brain cuts fantastic capers. Brains that have no responsibilities turn to angels and devils and gossip for lack of ideas. Because they have been kept away from the realities of life, women have held to fables longer than men. Not having titles clear to houses on earth, they have done more than their share of dreaming about mansions in the skies ❧ The hands that work are better far than lips that pray. A man gives a hostage for good citizenship when he buys a home and is earning money to pay for it. A woman who is earning money to pay for a home is not found crying with self-pity over her lot.

some people who knew Elbert Hubbard only slightly who predicted that, when he wrote his autobiography, he would say the same. The prophecy came true a few months ago when his latest book, "White Hyacinths," came out, a large part of which is autobiographical.

In it he pays the highest tribute to his wife, who caused him at thirty-three years of age to be born again. "To her I owe all I am. I have known her for twenty years. I have written her over three thousand letters and she has written as many to me. Every worthy theme and sentiment I have expressed to the public has been first expressed to her or, more likely, borrowed from her. I have seen her in almost every possible exigency of life: in health, success, and high hope; in poverty, and what the world calls disgrace and defeat. But disgrace is for those who accept disgrace, and defeat consists in acknowledging it. She is not content to merely think and preach her philosophy, but has the will to live it. The joy in work well done, the sweet taste of food earned by honest effort, the absolution that comes through following one's highest ideals are hers."

¶ The first page of "White Hyacinths" begins with the triumphant note, "The past is mine." When asked if he would care to live his life over again, even though denied the author's privilege of correcting the second edition, he is one of the few people who can and does say he would. In the consciousness of the success he has achieved, he has nothing to fear. With the poet of old he can chant:

Happy the man and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own,
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate are mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

THOMAS ARNOLD

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